

# Good Morning

\$81

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

A wedding we missed was that of C.E.R.A. Arthur Stanley Buxton to Miss Hilary Carbeth. Fortunately, although a staff man was not present, we managed to get a picture, but we would have liked to have been there.

Anyway, we are glad to be able to wish every happiness to the bride and groom. Perhaps we will be able to photograph the family later on!

The ceremony was at the roofless Church of Saint Andrew in Plymouth. The groom was described in the London Daily Mirror as a "human torpedo": he took part in actions off Tripoli, was captured, but escaped from Rome during the confusion of evacuation by the enemy. He is reported to have taken refuge in the Vatican City until British advance forces entered the Roman Capital.

He met his bride in a naval canteen in Guzz, where she was a voluntary helper.

Why they chose to be married in a roofless Church is not known.

May I repeat—every good wish, Mr. and Mrs. Buxton.

LT-Cmdr. M. R. G. Wingfield, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., wrote advising that his engineer had signed off the active list for a while, to visit a hospital. The Commander asked if I could arrange for some copies of G.M. to be sent to the hospital so he could keep in touch.

As from to-day Lt. (E) M. E. Lee, D.S.C., R.N., will get regular batches so he can see what you are doing.

Of course, we don't get much news of you, and in any case, we can't publish much of what we get so it won't be much help. But there is a way of solving the problem.

YOU COULD WRITE TO HIM! His address is Ward F, Cabin 25, R.N. Hospital, Southport, Lancs.

Proof of the comradeship of the trade will be in the mail to that cabin. You won't disillusion me on that point will you? After all, we don't often ask favours of you.

Thank you for letting me know, Commander Wingfield. If anyone else knows of a comrade who will be in hospital for any period perhaps you will follow this lead.

Hope your recovery will be fast and complete. Lt. Lee. Anyway, let me know how you are, so I can pass on the news.

The Case against the unpaid J.P. is argued by the Rev. George Needham, vicar of Conisborough nr. Durham



SOMETHING of a teaser was set by a London newspaper by quoting an official hand-out, which reads:—

The Russians have secretly transferred part of their Black Sea Fleet—including submarines—to help the fighting in the north a thousand miles across Russia.

How the Russians got the submarines from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Finland is not revealed—whether they were navigated for nearly 2,000 miles along Russia's mighty rivers and new giant canals, or brought 4,000 miles round via the Mediterranean, past Britain, past Kiel, and through the narrows between Germany and Sweden.

The main Soviet submarine squadrons have left their bases in the Gulf of Finland to deal with any attempts the Germans may make to send reinforcements by sea to the forces encircled in the Baltic trap.

Who knows?

A NAVAL officer made his first trip to sea in the ship he now commands, when he was a cadet 18 years ago.

The officer is Lieut.-Commander P. J. Cowell, D.S.C., R.N., of Helsby, Cheshire, and his ship is the destroyer "Whitehall."

During the General Strike of 1926, Dartmouth cadets on leave were recalled. As no trains were running, some of them sailed from Portsmouth in H.M.S. "Whitehall." Among them was Cadet Cowell.

He took command of the "Whitehall" last year, after serving in submarines.

Launched in 1919, the "Whitehall" is one of the veteran destroyers still doing a grand job on the Atlantic convoy routes.

Ron Richards

## St. Paul Says:

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove all mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

# Has Part-Time Justice Failed?

SHOULD the job of judging one's fellow citizens be left any longer to well-meaning but unpaid and, generally speaking, unqualified justices of the peace?

Should not this important task now be undertaken without exception by a whole-time stipendiary magistrate, properly qualified in law, fully conversant with procedure, thoroughly experienced in social problems, and possessing a good knowledge of modern psychology?

The fact that 90 per cent. of criminal and civil proceedings are heard before the local magistrates' bench makes this question a vital one.

Don't blame the average J.P. for his shortcomings. It's not his fault. He is giving his services, his valuable time, in the public interest. He may be, and often is, a busy professional or business man, with many irons in the fire. He has little if any time to study, let alone specialise in law. His knowledge of psychology, nine times out of ten, is nil.

He does his honest best, within the limits of his knowledge, common sense and experience, assisted and guided by his clerk of the court; but unfortunate miscarriages of justice occur which would have been avoided if a stipendiary magistrate had presided.

The pitfalls which the part-time magistrate is likely to find in his path are many. The spare-time justice, who has no knowledge of the way the mind works, is severely handicapped in many cases which come to court.

Take the case of kleptomania; that is, a person who is repeatedly caught stealing small or trivial articles.

It is realised in kleptomania that the individual cannot help himself. Something within him, which he cannot control, compels him to steal. He is not a free agent. His mind is warped. Only treatment will cure him.

But how to differentiate be-

tween kleptomania and plain stealing is a ticklish problem. An offender may be just a thief. On the other hand, he may not. He may be a kleptomaniac.

A magistrate who has studied the science of psychology would want to know: (1) Does the prisoner habitually steal articles of no value to himself? (2) Has he an otherwise unblemished record? (3) Is the offender living on the proceeds of his alleged thefts? (4) Is there some inner influence acting as a driving force against his real will?

A little while ago a young man's parents came to me. Their son was always stealing bottles of scent from the shop where he worked. His employer was a decent man, and—so far—the boy had escaped legal proceedings. But obviously, sooner or later, the case must come into court—if the young man continued his petty thieving.

Now, it is a fact that kleptomania and sex are almost always associated, although one couldn't expect the average justice to be aware of that.

After a talk with the young man I discovered that, when a boy, an older person had excited him sexually and then induced him to steal some scent from a shop. He had done so ever since.

Once I had convinced my patient of this fact, there was no more trouble. And no more bottles of scent disappeared.

Suppose, however, that the employer had reported the theft to the police at the beginning. Suppose, after each recurring theft, the young man had been brought before the local magistrates' bench. What would have been the result?

A prison sentence and a potential habitual criminal?—when all that was really needed was, not a cell, but the services of a psychologist.

The average justice has probably never heard of the late Professor McDougall, who has given an interesting example of kleptomania in the case of Melda, a healthy girl of decent

family, who at the age of seven repeatedly stole small articles.

Investigation revealed that Melda had come under the sexual influence of a depraved older girl, named Annie, who took Melda to a store and induced her to steal small articles.

The child had struggled against the tendency, but it overcame her on several occasions after long periods of successful resistance. Each occasion followed immediately upon being reminded of Annie, either by meeting her or going to the store where Melda first stole.

A feeling that a child is not loved will sometimes develop into stealing. It is as though the child were trying to steal affection.

I remember dealing with a small boy who was stealing from his mother. He clearly felt that he wasn't wanted. When other boys were out at play, he had to be the family drudge.

Stealing was his way of getting attention and showing his state of mind.

A talk with the parents resulted in a promise to give him more attention and more kindly treatment, and I have heard nothing from them since.

How many justices realise that some forms of juvenile delinquency are definitely of this character and must be treated accordingly?

How many are aware that to-day there is a clear case for psychological treatment in connection with many anti-social activities which, at present, are simply classed as crimes?

All the evidence available strongly suggests that, among other post-war reforms, serious consideration should be given to the question of spare-time administration of justice in the magistrates' courts, and whether it would not be far better if spare-time justices were abolished in favour of administration by stipendiaries exclusively. Is it a practical proposition?

## Mother is Planning for P.O. Henry Mack

HERE'S news of the family, Petty Officer Henry Mack—and it's your mother sending it. Percy is progressing well at his apprenticeship, and his evenings are fully occupied with dancing. The Dennison Palais, of course, sees him most nights, but sometimes he goes along to the Locarno, too.

George, who is now getting settled in his job as tinsmith, also looks like being a promising rug-cutter. He's taking lessons, anyway, and when you get home he intends showing you the high spots. He claims to be a tango expert already, and his next lesson takes him to the Rhumba.

W.A.A.F. E. Mack, or Elsie to you, is stationed at Cranwell now, and is having as good a time as she expected. She says she hasn't found a man yet, but still, she has by no means given up.

Then there's young Johnnie—he's still at Stow College, where he's training for a pass-



port to a position with the Glasgow Corporation.

That's all the family accounted for—except your mother, and we have her word that she is fine, so we can pass on to the neighbours. Margaret Brown is the most frequent enquirer—she is very concerned about you—but most of your mother's friends ask how you are when they meet her.

Your mother tells us that she was born in Hackney and that she still wants to go back to

London. In fact, I think there are definite post-war plans in that direction. And if you will permit a little personal comment from an outsider, Henry, we think that great mother of yours deserves to go down there if it will make her happier. You must be darned proud to have a mother who has taken setbacks right on the chin and then come up for more.

That seems to be all now, except for fondest wishes from all at 93 Hospital - street, Glasgow.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

# Watch Jesse buy a Knife

Says FRED KITCHEN

IT'S interesting just to watch Jesse buying a new hedge-tool. Blissfully unaware that he is exhausting the iron-monger's patience and obstructing other customers, he examines about a dozen hedge-knives, which—being machine-made—are, to the casual on-looker, as like as two peas.

And yet, for Jesse, there's one, the only one, in that collection of hedge-knives, to "suit his hand."

He carefully examines each separate knife, making a pass at an imaginary hedge—to the alarm of anyone waiting to be served.

And not until the shop floor is strewn with dangerous-looking weapons does he finally choose one out of all those "exactly alike knives," with the remark:

"She has'na quite the 'come' I should like, but I think she'll do."

Fortunately it's a rare happening, this buying of new tools, for, like his Sunday suit, they gather much history around them before Jesse decides it's time for a renewal.

You see, Jesse's hedge and ditch work is mostly piece-work—so much per chain—and consequently he buys his own tools.

There are several hedge-knives on the farm which Jesse is at liberty to use, but—no, thank you!

Jesse couldn't possibly make "a job of it" unless the tools had gone through the ritual of becoming his very own.

Just prejudice, of course? Well, it just depends on how you look at it.

To some people Jesse is a methodical old chap who insists on having everything "just so," while others find him full of follies and fussiness, especially with anything concerning hedges and hedge-knives.

He may be a little fussy over trifles, but he's a whole lot methodical, as can be seen by his collection of hedge-knives, ditching tools and turfing irons, which, when not in use, are laid neat and tidy on their shelf in his garden shed.

He's always delighted to show them off to anyone interested in such humble tools—but don't ask to borrow one.

Jesse will oblige anyone who wants their garden hedge trimmed, and make a neat job of it, all for nothing—but to try to borrow one of his precious knives... it's about the only way to offend Jesse.

He takes them down from the shelf for your inspection, with the same loving care he uses when handling his furred and feathered friends of the hedgerow, as though, to him at least, these daily implements of toil are living things.

There's the "slashing-bill," with rather a long haft and sickle-shaped blade, used for trimming hedges of one year's growth.

Of the two heavier types, the point of one turns backward, while the other curves slightly forward. The first is for "pleaching"—splitting the thorns so that they can be laid slantwise in the hedge.

The other one is for siding up and brushing strong, grown hedges.

If the hedge to be "pleached" is extra strong, then a short bill-hook is used to split the thorn, and along with this he carries a short hand-saw, to straighten off any jagged ends (stools) that would leave an unsightly finish to his hedge.

Jesse's is a narrow world—a ditch, with a hedge alongside; his companions—a few birds, an occasional rabbit, a weasel, hedge-mice, and hedgehogs.

He may have his "ways," but then, who hasn't?



FIVE AGES OF BEACHCOMBING.

WHEN he first saw this creek, he didn't really see it. He felt it. And it felt damp. He lay on his back and chuckled and tried to eat the foreshore....

When he next saw it he was in grey flannel knickerbockers, and was very proud of his first "iron" spade. There was a girl there with pigtails and freckles and long brown legs, and he still remembers how the sand looked when it dried on her knees....

When he came again his hair was slicked flat with brilliantine and his trousers carried a careful crease. There were girls, too, this time. A lot of them. And the odd thing

is, he can't remember one thing about one of them.

Then we find him tramping the saltings and puffing the largest pipe ever seen. Hugely cynical, he is, now, about girls, but very earnest about setting the world to rights.

His cynicism appeared to have vanished when we saw him last, for the world he was wont to talk so much about was now encompassed in one curly head; while the stars he discoursed on so learnedly had dived mysteriously earthward, and now dwelt only in the depths of two brown eyes....

## Put Colour in it

COLOUR is the cherished infant of the photo research labs; the pampered child who is destined to be king of the new photographic world and is as elusive as the long-sought-for "elixir of life."

Many processes have been marketed in the last half-century, and most have been

claimed as perfect. Unfortunately, time has proved none of them to be approaching perfection, nor even capable of sufficient development to satisfy the outcry for good, cheap colour photographs.

For this reason, and also because the chemistry of these processes makes decidedly poor reading for we ordinary folks, the characteristics of individual methods will not be dealt with here. If you do want the facts and formulae of any of these products the makers will readily supply you with a descriptive booklet.

At present it is possible to make fairly good colour transparencies almost as easily as black and white ones (at any rate, from the point of view of the man who presses the button and sends the films away to be developed).

The cost is not very great if you are careful enough to ensure a good percentage of successes.

Conservatism makes many people object to the idea of looking through their pictures rather than looking at them. In actual fact, there is little disadvantage, and the one very great advantage of being able to project snapshots, without bothering to make lantern slides, has made the colour transparency popular with many photographers.

No really satisfactory means of producing colour photos on paper has been marketed, and the best that are at our disposal are appallingly expensive. We must just keep on hoping.

Exposure must be fairly accurate, as colour films have not the latitude of the modern monochrome ones, but an exposure meter or a few trials will give agreeable results after few or no errors.

Some people process their own colour films with considerable success, but it is rarely practicable, even if you are experienced in normal developing. If you should decide to have a try at it, stick rigidly to the maker's instructions.

Most makes of colour films are available in two types, one

## DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

for daylight and the other for artificial lights, such as the Photoflood or Sashalite. All makes are available to fit popular, sized cameras.

There can be no doubts regarding the evolution of colour photography, and though some pictures will always lend themselves to monochrome, the time when black and white photography held top place is rapidly passing.

View a beautiful country scene through a piece of blue glass; how colourless—how dull. Monochrome is inevitably a fake except when photographing black and white objects, and even then a colour film will give greater richness and depth.

Having seen pictures of sheep grazing on Ludgate Hill, of barges sailing down the Strand, and of Nelson's Column in mid-Thames, I shall not insist that the camera cannot lie. In fact, I hope to tell of some of the ways of making it lie before very long.

It is safe to say, however, that colour photography has made the choice of subject very much simpler. We can now say, "That looks very pleasant, therefore it will make a good photograph." For the camera will see the scene just as your eye sees it.

With such accuracy of outline reproduction and use of Nature's own colours, every photographer has at his disposal the powers of the master painter, whose natural gifts so few of us possess.

Before very long the market will be flooded with colour films once more. For landscape, seascape, still life or portrait, my advice is: Get one in your camera and join in the new era of picture making.

## Still More

... words to fit the tunes you hum. Musio sheets of both words and music are being sent to various centres for distribution.

### KEEP A SUNBEAM IN YOUR POCKET.

(By courtesy of Cinephonic Music Co. Lyric by Noel Guest; music by Manning Sherwin.)

Now this old world has got its share of trouble, misery and care, So why not try to play a happy role?

For though at times the weather's rough, You'll find the going's not so tough

If you can keep some sunshine in your soul.

But if this is the creed you're going to teach,

Buddy, you must practise what you preach.

Keep a sunbeam in your pocket.

With a sunbeam in your pocket You can face the most depressing day.

If you haven't got a pocket, Keep a sunbeam in your pocket, But be sure it doesn't fly away.

You may have schemed, you may have planned

On how much more the bank will stand.

Or how your income tax demand you'll pay.

So if you've got an empty pocket.

Keep a sunbeam in that pocket, And spread a little sunshine ev'ry day.

### IN A FRIENDLY LITTLE HARBOUR.

(By courtesy of Ascherberg, Hopwood and Crew. By Eddie Seiler and Sol Marcus.)

Fate can take a hand, you understand.

And there's nothing we can do. Time and tide won't wait for any man,

But love will, it's true.

In a friendly little harbour, Beneath a friendly sky,

Fate brought you and me together.

But just to say "Good-bye"; For we sail'd out of the harbour,

I'm sure that you know why. Storms are follow'd by fair weather,

So, darling, don't you cry; There is a day not very far,

Where our love dreams are waiting patiently,

And tho' we know that we must wait,

It won't be too late when I'll be with you.

In a friendly little harbour, When I come home to stay,

We'll live ev'ry single dream, dear.

We had to put away.

### I HAVE FAITH. (So Have You).

(By courtesy of the Sun Music Publishing Co. Words and music by Lew Brown and Sam H. Stept.)

I believe, you believe, That there'll be happy days by-and-by.

I believe, you believe, That we'll soon see a rainbow in the sky.

That's what we said when we kissed good-bye.

There'll always be an oak tree standing.

And blossoms covered by the dew.

I have faith, so have you. There'll always be a happy landing.

And skies above will be so blue.

I have faith, so have you. And lovers still will cling

Beside a garden wall, And on a hill the whip-poor-will

Will greet us with his call, And we will stroll the lanes to-gether,

The dreams we dreamed will all come true.

I have faith, so have you.

## TO-MORROW IS MONDAY

IN one or more of his forty-six books, Professor Joad has pointed out, in support of his theory that civilisation has improved in the matter of smells but deteriorated in the matter of noise, that the Elizabethan ladies, so magnificent to behold, must violently have assaulted the nose.

This interested me, and, though I have not been able to disprove the allegation (a smell is a difficult thing to disprove after three hundred years), I have been able to ascertain that laundries did exist.

I have even found details and a picture of a laundry tally not unlike a telephone dial, which seems to be a vast improvement on the laundry book of the present day.

Prior to the establishment of such laundries as the Tudor period, clothes were washed in the rivers, and not infrequently in the public wells from which the drinking water was drawn. I find details of an order against this practice issued at Leicester in 1467, while by 1608 it had become an offence at Lyme, punishable by a fine of six-and-eightpence, for the women to wash their "bucks" in the stream which ran down the town street.

In the method of cleansing our English women seem to have differed little from women of other colours and other creeds the world over. Either the linen was danced upon in the bare feet, as it still is in parts of India and Africa, or it was beaten and rubbed on stones at the river edge.



Although the washing tally I have described embraces fifteen different articles, they are, it must be admitted appendages rather than principal garments—ruffles, bands, caps, halfshirts, etc., so Joad is probably right in asserting that the failure to change regularly the heavier, more ornate and less easily ventilated garments was liable to produce an offensive smell.

The dyer, we learn, was far more commonly employed than the laundress, and his trade thus covered the shortcomings in personal cleanliness which a laundress might have remedied with more healthy results.

Velvets, taffeta and rich silks were often worn by the wealthy without any underwear at all.

When the ladies did take to warm winter woolies they had

themselves sewn up in them, a habit which makes it extremely unlikely that they contemplated early or regular change.

In the Middle Ages nightgowns were not known, and it was the custom to sleep entirely without clothing.

Under the Tudors, the haberdashers succeeded in popularising nightgowns, but, we read in an old account of the times, "they were mostly of silk or velvet, so no washing was required."

Dennis Yates

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.  
Sir Henry Taylor.

# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

WE all know how difficult it is to describe the condition of a stamp. Collectors will be interested, therefore, in a code of descriptive terms compiled by the American Philatelic Society which enables you to build up a remarkably accurate picture of a stamp's condition. I would like to see it adopted by dealers when making up their advertisements.

The basic chart is as follows:-

### A.-UNUSED STAMPS.

- 1.-Mint. With gum as issued, or without gum, if so issued.
- 2.-The same stamp, but lightly hinged.
- 3.-The same stamp, but heavily hinged.
- 4.-An O G stamp where gum is missing in spots.



- 5.-A stamp issued with gum, but now without gum.
- 6.-Stamp with cracked gum.

### B.-USED STAMPS.

- 1.-Very light cancellation.
- 2.-Light cancellation.

- 3.-Medium cancellation.
- 4.-Medium heavy cancellation.
- 5.-Heavy cancellation.
- 6.-Fiscal cancellation.
- 7.-Pen cancellation.

### C.-CENTRING.

- 1.-Perfectly centred.
- 2.-Slightly off centre.
- 3.-Considerably off centre, but no margins touching.
- 4.-Perforations touch one side.
- 5.-Perforations touch two sides.

### D.-STAMP DEFECTS.

- 1.-Creased.
- 2.-Small thin spot.
- 3.-Pin hole.
- 4.-Small tear.
- 5.-Cut cancellation.
- 6.-Perforations cut.
- 7.-Perforated initials.



### E.-STAMP DEFECTS (continued).

- 1.-Perforations snubbed.
- 2.-Straight edge.
- 3.-Discoloured.
- 4.-Large thin spot.
- 5.-Face peeled.
- 6.-Large tear.
- 7.-Faded.

Abbreviations: Top-t, bottom-b, right-r, left-l.

A perfect mint stamp would be described in this manner: A1 C1. This means that it is a mint stamp as issued, perfectly centred, without any defect whatsoever.

A superb stamp would be: B1 C1.

A used stamp, with medium heavy cancellation, with perforations touching one side, perforated initials and one straight edge, would be: B4 C4 D7 E2. Note that it took eighteen words to describe the stamp, while by using the chart it required but four letters and four numerals.

A stamp cannot be both an A and a B stamp, for one is unused and the other used.

Where the numeral is (1), it may be omitted as in algebra. Thus an A1 C1 stamp may be described as an AC stamp.

This week is illustrated the New Zealand Health Stamp to be issued in October; the German commemorative for Hitler's 55th birthday, April 20th, 1944; and a German charity commemorative for the 100th anniversary of the birth of Robert Koch, the bacteriologist.

Stamps of China are fetching phenomenal prices in America. At a recent New York auction, two lots of unlisted, unofficial local overprints of the 1912 provisional Neutrality Nanking issue were sold for 185 and 200 dollars.

Japan is out of favour at the present time, though the best of their stamp issues are still fetching between one-fourth and one-third of catalogue.

Australian dealers advertising in the London stamp papers are offering to buy the 5s. Sydney Bridge stamp, mint or used, and even by the single copy. This stamp is now obsolete, and should have a big future before it. In used condition they fetch a guinea each.

**Good Morning**

# See what the Home Town's doing



**ESSEX** C.P.O. Thomas Kelly, the best man, gallantly came to the rescue when the dog decided that the bride's veil would make a tasty dinner, at this wedding at Canvey Church.



**STAFFS** For at least 400 years this Horn Dance has been performed each September in the village of Abbot's Bromley, near Rugeley. Its origin is obscure, but it is believed that it was started as a means of collecting money for the needy of the district. The team is composed of six men with antlers, a hobby-horse, archer, jester, and two musicians. It starts from the church in the early morning, and spends the day touring the district, giving performances at outlying farmhouses and country mansions.



**DEVON** When the annual ploughing contests were held at the village of Bow, Mid Devon, many old farmers sighed to find that for the first time in the long history of this gathering not a single horse-drawn plough entered. But, as you can see, the noisy tractor draws as straight a furrow as the best-handled team of horses.



**MONMOUTH** For more than a year 15-year-old Bertie Cook, who stands only 4ft. 6in. in his boots, and certainly looks no more than 12, has been giving hair-cuts and shaves in Mr. Morgan's hairdressing saloon in Agincourt Square. Bertie practised shaving his employer every morning for months before he was allowed to start on the customers.



**SUSSEX** Evacuated kiddies from London vote the "briny" great fun as they splash and shout in the waves at Littlehampton. More and more beaches are being opened to the public, and many people are seeing the sea for the first time in five years.

**CUMBERLAND** Salmon fishing in the River Solway at Bowness is a tough job for tough men. When a salmon is felt in the net, out comes a stout truncheon from the fisherman's bag, and with the flick of an arm, another salmon is felled for the table.

